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SMOKE

Editor

Susanna Valentine Mitchell

Assistant Editors

David Cornel DeJong Edward North Robinson

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"This Is the Way, This Only"

Here the seeker comes, his lonely
Pride lighting the night path, hunger
Guiding his sandal, fear
Blood-housed, possessive, crying
This is the way, this only.

Here in the boulder-blossoming hills
He measures earth for bed:
Blind to changing starlight, deaf
To the communing rivers under cedar,
The oceaned granite.

(So slept a pharaoh, feared death
And dreamed a tomb;
Caesar wearing brief laurel, dictator, financier
Each isolate in his moment:
This is the way, this only!)

Cold dew, the rising light and yesterday
Constant no more than roots, than ferns unprinting
The body's mark; tomorrow
A shifting star, an echo, a new cell
Shaping a leaf's edge, a generation's bone,—

A generation that shall look clear-eyed
On these same hills; equal before each other
They shall companion time,
Finding another path, another way
Beyond one way, one only.

RUTH LECHLITNER

Adam in Eden

Adam in Eden, while his blooming bride
Rapt in her languor, slept beneath a palm,
Pined for a friend that he might pour into
His heart and mind the tale of This New Thing.

In vain he sought—the ground-ape with grave eyes
Heard all and nothing, and gambolled to the grove
Grimacing at his shadow—in vain he sought
A mind like his,—an intellectual ear,
The eyes of understanding, 'til he saw
Where hung the Serpent—there from that dark Bough,
Fruit laden, he let down his arrow-head
With beady, bright, impenetrable eyes
And with a swaying motion and forked tongue
Licking on air, bade Adam tell the Tale.

And the great Man, gigantic, youthful, fixed
On Yestereve the God-like gaze of Truth:
On Yestereve, on Her and Him, and all
The picture of what passed within the grove
On Yestereve, when resting and alone
He heard the voice that speaks but not with words,
The Father-Voice heard from a rosy cloud,
And saw the Father-Form in a rosy mist
And rainbow light appearing—saw Him lead
Gently his new creation to Adam's side,
—The Almighty, leading Woman by the Hand.
All that had happened, the intricate, vast Event
Adam now told, and had no mind to paint
The vision other than the Vision was,
While that inscrutable, malific Thing
Listened and licked the air in cold delight.

"He brought me Woman and He said: 'Behold
The sovran Power, the Second God, the One

Who shall rule all things that are not ruled by gold.
Gaze thou and worship, and my will be done.'
I looked and I beheld a squat, low Thing,
Mean in her height, a sort of trundling Shape,
Fatty and full—I scarce could bring
Myself to more than merely gaze and gape.
'Good God,' said I,—but He was off—once more
I looked on this New Thing: her cow-like knees,
Her swollen hips—behind, before
She was horrific, She was a sight to freeze
The marrow—and this my mate, this Booby-Bird,
Fur-legged and pink, abominable!—Oh!
Creator of all Flesh, what mocking moment
Moved thee to this creation? Is it not
Enough to have made crabs that sideways scuttle,
Wicked and angry? Or, ridiculous,
With purple parts, the lewd and leaping Age?

Or the great Condor with unfeathered poll
Who in the moonlight on the lonely crag,
Drops, hops and dances—dances to himself
with outspread pinions and unwieldly bulk,
Unwieldly as a barrel with two wings,
And full to the nape with guts; nor not enough
To have thrown out of thy all-myriad Mind
The shapeless, small-eyed shark, and that slobbery sow,
Hog in her Kind whose grunts I hear, and grieve
When I must hear them mingling with those bells—
Those bells the hermit-thrush in the ducky wood
Rings from her heart, melodious, loud, yet clear—
Bell-like the notes as though her little heart
Wept over joys no more, grieved in a sound;
Yet joyfully she grieves, the while those grunts
Adulterate the music of her loss.

—What! In Thy mocking spirit not satisfied
With all of those, that Thou must body forth

SMOKE

From the dull, obsequious clay, once more a creature
Derisive and satiric and obscene?
This, this I see—this woman, this spoiled Rib?
Look where she stands! and look, where now she runs
And holds her bosom to run, and now she speaks—
And what she speaks! she tells me of her needs:
This, that, the polished pebble, webs of stuff,
The purple dye wood carved for her recline,
Roof, rafters and pomegranates, stores of food,
And last, though vague, some sort of swinging bed
The rocks its emptiness, prepared to hold
And house a dream and as she tells, her voice
Shrills like the grey-green Parrott—Almighty, hark!

There is a tawny Tigress, belted, striped,
Hides in the jungle, and with yellow orbs
Glares on the dark; I wrestle with her oft,
Grip, cast her to the earth and force her lie
Helpless and howling, soft and sinuous she,
—Whether she slide or slink or leap or lie,
She is as graceful as the young gazelle,
And when he caucous rage is wrestled out
Her throat emits a soft, caressing sound
Like Thine own Thunder muffled in thick cloud.
She is a glorious creature, perfectest
Of all Thy Throws of Thought: let her then be my mate,
My Beauty and my Bride, our offspring such
As Thou ordain'st—the other, give away
To what or whom Thou will'st—she offends the eye.

—This, Serpent, did I say, for this I felt.
But all this while I gazed, and as I gazed
That Figure changed—I gazed and yet again
The Figure changed until, advancing, she
Stole to my side, and her unfathomed glance
She fixed upon me mystic as the Night
When stars are few and dim——then, from the darkling

Deep Heaven of the Mind, sudden there came
A dawn, dawn after dawn, sunbursts, and sparkling
Flames, and desires and stars and planets of flame;
Mists, motions, roses, radiance and delight,
Rivers surcharged with Power, immortal Thought,
Day dazzlements, suffusions, softness, sighs—
Enormous need—all these within me wrought,
And wrought such change, that as I gazed upon
That dubious Shape,—undubious it grew:
A Form of Wonder rosy as pure Dawn,
Her cheeks, her forehead white; her lips with dew
Touched on their vermeil,—eyes of such divine
Compelling, secret clearness—and her breast
Heavily heaving—a fury more than wine
Bestrode my blood; I looked and looked, and lest
She should escape in air, cease like a sound,
Her wrist I seized—that Touch! A roar of Flame!
Trumpets and drums—sublime and roseate steam
Clouded the world, and all I was became
What I would be. We closed and when we grew
Slowly apart, there lay that dubious shape
More dubious, but she looked as if she knew—
I know not what: the Secret—no escape!
As there she lay, the clashing music died,
Night fell, dew cooled, rest came—and after
Some certain moments, in the garden near,
I heard the Almighty laughing his peculiar laughter."

LANGDON MITCHELL

Love Like the Wind

Love to the heart
is twice times two
makes four adore
and I love you

love to the mind
so many queens
I have no king
you have my dreams

love to the hand
oh hand be loving
touch not yet touch
all touch removing

love to the eye
oh eye be blind
or jealous heart
will war with mind

love to the lips
a voice I heard
said love in truth
is a golden bird

love to the bird
perhaps a game
when I win you
is all the same

love in the book
the page the tear
the hand so far
the heart so near

love heart love lips
love bird and mind
love only one
love like the wind.

JAMES MCLAUGHLIN IV

1620

Over the green sea, blackened with rain,
Eastward, the ship dived and rose,
Canvas yelling, spanking. No land,
Except (maybe) under the wallowing hull
Towers of Atlantis sway in the drag.

Midnight and noon nearly alike, no
Star in the north for days, only the cold
Drive of the long rain. No coast ahead.

The *Mayflower's* decks slide with the wet:
Set north-northeast: wind stronger now:
(This is the ship that sailed in Calvin's skull.
This sea his tears, a new flood on hell
Where Lost Atlantis shivers in the fire
Of all its golden ruined walls.)

The year,
Whose seasons work in the waters of the deep
But not native, not married as with land,
Hardens in the gale. Through November waves
The hundred Puritans, sick and stout,
Think of the hand of God (in Calvin's brain
Moving like a musician's while the nerves
Sang in the morning); pray and keep house.

Then sleet and the course down it
Southward and west: slowly in the morning
The spitting shift to snow: wind down
And all the silent snow thickening
Till there beyond the bow—beyond the dark
Sleepless water, all the snow came down
Slowly and did not vanish, but was shore.

Through the perpendicular dropping snow
Over the steep headlands the green pines
Luminous in the puritan dusk, a kind
Of living laurel garlanding the land
We will make a compact as with Calvin's hand
We will sign the land ours before we take it: signed
Into the kingdom of Christ. *Pray*
And keep house. This shore to be
Stairway out of Atlantis, where the last
Top granite ledge breaks from the wave,
Thresholds the beautiful white land
Sprung high in the bright green pines—
Dark pyres steadfast in the snow,
Flowers to be blessed in the wilderness.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

The Younger Communist Poets

on Reading S S

These, the boys with corded thighs,
Who sing us songs of red and fallow brown
That somewhere will zoom down
An unsold west.

"Let us chant, in phallic chorus,
Of warm seed in groins not secret,
And the girders pinching eyes and
Memories will go by, will be let
To kinaesthesias brawned to reprimand
A crackling skin, the palpitating hand."

These boys with blonded hair
And lips, firm meteors of blood,
They are not castrate.

"All festered marrows leave is brotherhood,
Seize this, we who have understood
The old worms beneath the white rocks."

HOWARD BLAKE

The Tree between the Courts

Plant the guy inside a tree
IN MEMORIAM
And let there be
A tin plaque whispering the year
And Soissons, Argonne. . . .
Don't worry he can hear

Himself expanding in the leaves
All the way from France
To prospect Park. Sure he believes!

His head that balloon
Has crossed the sea—what a trip—
Has grown into a blossom
Into a moon!

Into a delicate yellow Hero Tree
Which midnight souses in poetry.

No more painful tramping over
The housetops, smearing the evening
With his red rags. He's in clover

Surrounded by the green
Solace never-to-be- escaped
Of the absolute trivial which reprieves
Everything with its load of leaves.

HAROLD ROSENBERG

Without Inscription in Latin

No blot remains of the dead
Who lie in the field—
They were sponged up long ago
Their costumes sopped with them
And their odorous breasts

As for the marble dead
The talcum of their heroic bones is wiped clean
Leaving on banisters a kind of glow
And a graining of white

But the dog Poetry is still
Scratching the roots of the tree
Still nosing the crevices of the court
Still howling on the staircases by the big chandeliers

The Darkness of the Night

The walls papered with old newspapers,
And a picture of St. Sophia with little blue flowers
Stares at the calendar. Her children sleep, inert,
Their faces falling out of shape
Where the smoke rises from the clearing of trees
From the houses they glimpse on the road,—
Road that has caught them to its own city.

Singing folk-songs, the whole house lifted light;
They stopped work in spring in Nijni-Novograd
To pelt the Winter King with pebbles,
Cakes and laughter afterwards. Singing folk-songs,
Her children leave her the room lifting light
Up and up. Sweet smell of honeysuckle in the night.
Your heart lifting up and up. . .

(The Indian maid canoed across the Erie
Coal calendar on the wall very
Quietly, a mustache scribbled on her lips.)
White birch! glide into shoals of silence, glide
As life falls, quietly and afraid,
Between the whispers of the old woman,—
Or picking coal in flour sacks; waylaid,
Against the huge darkness of the night.

DAVID SCHUBERT

Very Patiently We Cursed Each Other

We met, old friends of many errant years,
But not this time in friendliness; each saw
Fragment and payment for the rigid law
We both had drawn and promised to enforce.

Quarrel to cursing ran the talk, of course,
(Not too unlikely) and I was the first
To curse him; and while patiently I cursed,
He listened patiently, then cursed me too.

He cursed me for cursing him I knew,
And I cursed him for being in arrears
With debts due to himself—
Now I know I
Erred there, too sure of my own certainty:

Was he in debt and was he in arrears?
I do not know, but flap my donkey ears.

It May Be Your Reward

I am busy looking for someone
Someone to tell me what I want to know

I think that I know what I want to know—
I do not know what I want to know,
But maybe you can tell me, if you do,

Your reward will be hermetical,
Your reward will be apocryphal,
Your reward will be biblical,

As rubies, honey, manna,
your reward
Will be—will be, in fact, its own reward.

All the intense worship of the sun,
Every passionate devotee of the moon
Is building the reward that you may claim
The unknown, name its name,

Disclose the unknown god! and name its name!

MERRILL MOORE

Asia

When the mist rises from this valley
You will see the unconquerable distances written yet with smoke;
Here is a land they do not know
Except it be in song, or dream, or in past prenatal age.
Some say the rose bloomed where the desert met the valley
And there are other races who may yet remember,
Time has stripped itself of every robe.
Before such happenings there were footsteps
Following in these wastes of sand, sounds lost in space immensity,
Colors consumed that our eye can never know.
Long before, and long after we are gone, these will remain:
The trackless land bounded by weary colored stone,
By violet reaches unvisited and unknown,
Only the rotting swamps, old before eternity are still there;
Just some shadows cast beyond man's memoirs
And the air cracking with fissures of ice,
Sinks of heat, going on and on,
And the mind, poverty stricken, may look out upon
One date tree against a citron sky,
A dark beast whipping arid vapors from the dust,
And before too many aeons pass that way again,
Who knows—man may have discovered the terrible voice,
Or lost his heritage . . or become a god!

H. NELSON HOOVEN

Ambition Is Distraction

So much more, slip-shod will shine
Than can ever be told with task
And brought forth season's line
More crisp than any mask.

Then bespeak me not in a throaty tone
That brief spat words alone
Will master the intolerable envy of pain,
Thus invoked will always come again.

Never was a cylinder ground to the symmetry
Of this unwilled flair
And spring is re-cast without disparity
For having been measured in air.

Hours

Consider for a while in this your youth
And time not known, how hours whirl,
Tap-dance to the catastrophe of space,
Destined to accelerate past wisdom's cure
And increase the total of popular songs,
Will eventually perpetuate the love-life
Of a gold balloon and lead time
Like a bull onto a wild heath.

Wings

If there were any preparations necessary
There might be discussion beforehand
We would ask which train to take
What time it arrived and deliver
Our bags to the porter's care.

But since there is in this hour
No trip-ticket to detain us
We may leave sleep for waking
Night for day, as we are:

Waving to those who stand
Are early loved and already wear
The distempered tone of a dream.

Images of No Sound

Here is some silence to deal with
Leap on it, sing at it, step on its toes
Though you may think to furl
This sheeting, bellying out high
Like the curving over sky
Because sound has ceased in the leaves
And talk has gone up another street
Silence spreads
And weighted with air, loops down
A balloon dragging the ground
A net sunk with leads.

EMMA SWAN

Stilly Morning

There are two bridges, one in the sky,
One in the water, as I go by

And through a glass unscarred by March's
Wind, instead of two shallow arches

I see a pair of wide clear eyes
Opening briefly on paradise—

A strange small realm which swiftly seems
As real as lives we live in dreams;

A new dimension is unfurled,
An atom has become a world

Of bright placidity; we sense
Briefly dead Eden's innocence

And momently feel for all men
An indiscriminate fondness. . . . Then

Wind, an ill wizard's talons, broke
The cryptic crystal at a stroke,

Crumbled the phantom bridge, and worse,
Eclipsed the private universe.

Only remained the strong concrete
Structure for wheels and for the feet

Of man and horse, the muddy stream
In sluggish flow, as if no dream

Of towers and gardens had vanished there
As desert-visions dissolve in air. . . .

Bridge that the trucks are rumbling on,
Bridge irretrievably now gone,

Substance or spirit, which of the two
Forms is most beautifully true?

Dream or daylight, shadow or stone,
Neither is complete alone.

Sonnet of Reassurance to A Septuagenarian Editor

Even to dream of death, whether of order
or person, will beget a panicky feeling
sometimes. Therefore you babble, slaver, at the reeling
of chairs (so fatly overstuffed with murder)
in the arena's ringside-tier—the lordly box
with Jabberson, McStormick, Oates, MacSpadden;
the creature you, in fancy, loved to madden
and soothe by turns, leaps, clings, leaves long claw-pocks.

Come, wipe your chin, and look! Is not the sun
an hour below horizon yet? (Dread thirst
ophthalmic eyes at thought of light.) So run
through life-stanzas; lax your fear-cramped guts.
Remember: you are over seventy-one—
you will not die beneath the rifle-butts.

KENNETH PORTER

Poem

Starved arms forsaken long
in the night-spray of moonlight
and the beneficent branches
sweet with petal-droppings

O bird
remembered
we come softly to love
asking no more than once was spoken lightly
We come again again to love
the old sadness breaking the heart
with the sight of the familiar flowers
when the mouth searches for speech
knowing no hunger more than the flesh

The men walking all the evenings
of the world the violent gas lamps
sputtering and the elm shadows shaking

We know a hunger where the river-bridge
spans the dry cobblestones
the newspapers spread on the sand
and the water-splash in the still brown pools
the insect-sounds of summer darkness

Turn the mind backward where the two
lay quiet in the silence of the long night
and only the arms' escape and the lips' tremor
to meet the gunfire and the exploding flame

We come again to reap the evening

O love lost with the dangerous sweetness
the dying rise to say your name

Song for Parting

The round yellow head and the mouth
Curled toward singing.
We shall be making
New songs for your mouth.

We shall go away
As the tune on the wire
And the match's fire,
But we will you new days.

You point at the water and the sky,
Run in circles discovering
The small flower growing,
Saying, "See the tree!"

These permanent we leave you.
We shall be going.
No thought can ever grieve you.
There will be work to do and forgetting.

We shall be saying goodbye.
We cannot stay,
Laughing as you will say goodbye,
Lifting happily your two hands.

Go find the colored stones in
The box. We have hidden messages
Secretly about the house
Telling you of the land we go to win.

WILLARD MAAS

None Her Signal Knew

With signals out to reach beyond horizon
And call some other sail blowing alone
And separate, yet in her line of vision,
She hailed incessantly, but there was none
With likened chart moving across her sky.
Near her were mariners who paralleled
Each other's course, and where swift currents lie
Were many sails by many winds propelled,
Still on she tacked, and none her signal knew,
For she had learned no code to fly distress.
Because her craft was strong, no one could guess
How near she was to wrecking when she blew
Over the edge into a cloud, to learn
How other ships make voyage and return.

Crumbs for Life

Here is a wild goose,
clip her wings!
Companion her with tamer
geese and a crumbing gander.

Prison her for her good,
teach her to restrain
her upward motion,
Show her that the grain
is plentiful, unlike
out on the curve of ocean,
over the plain.

SMOKE

When September fills
the sky with wings,
and looking upward clipped
the wild goose turns
to answer one who sings
from a cloud,
teach her to be proud,
teach her to see the things
she spurns,
the safety in the night,
make her one with the crowd
which knows no flight.

And so the wild geese blown
on a lifted quest,
she will return to the nest
less haughty grown
with ganders strange to sky,
dead to the eerie cry
that once was known
when wild and free with the rest
she bared her breast
to the wind and the sun and stars
and raised her wings to fly.

MARY N. S. WHITELEY

Song for an Armegeddonist

To take the clock apart
And make it run the other way:
    To set my world in shape
    Or break my heart;
To give the cloudy fetish up
And learn the roaring sun
    To cock the shining gun
And act the play.

The spring uncoils its green
Against my spreading hate:
    The red anemones
    Invade my scene;
The bellwort aches out
Along the cliff and hangs
    Its yellow ranks
Beyond the slate.

The apple-flowers set,
The ocean has its toll
    Of swimmers, and the drouth
    Dries up the wet;
The borer gnaws the corn,
Rust burns the wheat.
    The surfaced street
Is ridged by the blind mole.

And still no stop:
The glassy moon is high
    And wolves are about—
    The world goes like a top.
The frost invades your mirth;
The hunter's trap is sprung,
    The pelts are hung
Against a wider sky.

This is my forecast time:
I see so many dead.
    My scriptures loom
    Against the panes in rime
Until the sun starts
From a cloud, or rain,
    And I am tricked again—
The apple trees are red.

Fireweed

There must have been a fire here: the weed
which follows charcoal stands up straight to shoot
its rosy lances sunward. Why the seed
must grow in ground like this, and fix its root
where flame has been is not explained by fact
of growth, but time. The fireweed takes more
than sun and rain; it needs the final act
of burning, and we set no certain store
by fury, though we turn our backs on mild
slow streams, and quiver when we see the rush
a flood will make when water has run wild.
We turn and choke when we have seen the flush
of flame across the sky. This weed will grow
and spread, and cover space, though it be slow.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

A New England Town

1—Far to the West the engine glows sleekly,
Sliding through the twilight;
And I am alone:
the trees are calm and still.
A breath of smoke, the dart of air
Remain: no movement, no sound, no word,
Here—among the shaded streets.

Plaintively
The night echoes: a resonant wail
Cutting sharply through weathered mountains.
Dimly, it vibrates upon the ear:
A pregnant sound, the last faint sense
Of days. . . . . Gone now. . . . .

2—Deep among the houses shadowed by the elms
There waits my childhood;
And I must go:
the moon coldly pricks the night.
The cool white steeple, austere in the wind
Is a tight-lipped ghost in Puritan armor
Clanking sedately among prim gardens—

How shall I tell them?
There is that beyond this town
Which makes of life a vibrant piece
Of quivering white-hot steel, waiting,
For the corded arm, the finely-wrinkled brain
To pound a shining blade, a new vigor
From the molten mass—Here
The town lingers on, alive yet dying.
Softly the leaves rustle;
there is no breath of life
In a tomb. . . . .
In this vast silence. . . . .

JOSEPH FRANK

Epitaph for the Interurban Era

For Mr. John Hickok
And Mr. C. C. Coates

One sees cows grazing in the right-of-way
Wearing their victory with a simple wonder,
Who went hoof-stumbling, yet did not inveigh
Against cattle-guards in the path of thunder.
Now let the licking tongue sour on the rail
Whose brightness rusts there under hay and thistle,
They stand with stolid face and frozen tail,
Hearing the alien ghosts of bell and whistle. . .
We will be here as long as death and taxes.
Is this the boast made in their casual mooing?
When workmen tore the rail up with pick-axes,
They looked disinterested and kept on chewing.
One saw them gawking at the strange shape borne
Down the paved road: a motor-bus, with horn.

GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN

Sonnet from the Depression

Stripped of my wealth, without a way to find
again that richness; trimmed from my time the paint
that used to color face and nerves; no pint
of liquor left for what I felt (or feigned):
Stripped of my friends, not knowing yet the good
of self; taken from me John who sought
clear mountain air and breathed the city soot,
and Bill who feared to search for fear-of-god:
Stripped of my learning nor with yet a leaf
of memory intact; evenings arrive
with recollections dim, but can't retrieve
knowledge which fired bones, and forced a life:

Stripped of my clothes, I lie in love with one,
recapturing all I ever lost
(or won).

FRANK SEVERANCE

Initiation to Poverty

Later she learned to draw a line,
Pungent and fine,
Across the door and round the bed-posts on the floor,
Repeating as her witching rhyme,
"Let an impoverished maiden sleep,
Or, waking, count but silver sheep."

But that first night, unthinkingly,
She told that broad-hipped woman that the room looked clean;
And was the bed not bright?
The sheets turned back, and white?
And was it not sweet comfort to slip between?

That night was piecemeal,
Broken by the outcry of her fevered flesh;
The dark was blurred by splotches of deep red.
Again, again, she sprang up from her bed,
Then froze to see the legions pouring down the wall;
Surely the patterned paper
Had taken legs to crawl,
Surely that was all!
Gasping she sought the window,
(Might the east be light!)
But under the shifted curtain,
Darkness—the Ethiope, night.

Sleeping she fled where monsters magnified
Sprang up around her, greedy and many-eyed,
Or shrank from a moving, cankarous red-rust
That would devour her if she slept again.
And always, back and back to her tired brain
Came flashes of old tales of leprosy,
Carried by these intruders loathsomely.

Sleep can be more terrible than pain,
Hold demons that no idle thought can bind.
Jumping up she flogged her weary mind
With such poor work as she could hold in store
To keep herself alive a few days more.
And as she worked, came the gray
Drizzle of another day.

MARGERY MANSFIELD

Watchmen Are Bidden to Speak of the Night

You, watching long and lonely sea-beach watches,
feeling bitter salt on your matted hair,
straining red-rimmed eyes through fog-drift, tell us
Is anything there?

What of heralded dawn at the eastern sea-rim
burning, breaking a black, glassed sea to foam,
eagle spurning rearward mountains, and of
one star, alone?

Stir, releasing muscles to quick movement;
erect, give voice again to throats long dry,
shattering this crystal poison chalice
of the sea-birds' cry.

* * * * * *

Yet, the north wind rattles bruised sea-grasses;
speech comes not from forms along the shore,
huddled where watch-fires dying leave things
as before.

EARL DANIELS

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RUTH LECHLITNER *This Is The Way, This Only*
one of the better known younger poets, is the author of *Tomorrow's Phoenix*, which will be published by Alcestis Press this spring.

LANGDON MITCHELL *Adam In Eden*
is here published posthumously. He is the author of *Becky Sharp, The New York Idea*, and other books.

JAMES LAUGHLIN IV *Love Like The Wind*
Is the editor and publisher of New Directions.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT 1620
has just had his first volume of poetry, *Biography for Traman* published by Covici, Friede.

HORACE BLAKE *The Younger Communist Poets*
is the author of *Prolegomena*, a book of poetry, published last year by Bruce Humphries.

HAROLD ROSENBERG *The Tree Between The Courts*
Without Inscription In Latin
is a frequent contributor of poetry and critical articles to magazines.

DAVID SCHUBERT *The Darkness of the Night*
will have his first volume of poems published by Alcestis Press, sometime this year.

MERRILL MOORE *Very Patiently We Cursed Each Other,*
It May Be Your Reward
is the author of several volumes of poetry.

H. NELSON HOOVEN *Asia*
appears for the second time in *Smoke*. He lives in Syracuse, N. Y.

EMMA SWAN *Ambition Is Distraction, Hours, Wings, Images Of No Sound*
first appeared in *Smoke* a year ago, has contributed poetry to several magazines in the meanwhile.

KENNETH PORTER *Stilly Morning, Sonnet of Reassurance*
To A Septuagenarian Editor
is the author of: *Pilate Before Jesus, John Jacob Astor*, and the co-author of *Christ In The Breadlines*.

WILLARD MAAS *Song For Parting, Poem*
author of *Fire Testament*, will be brought out by the Alcestis Press with a second volume of poems, *Concerning The Young*.

MARY N. S. WHITELEY *None Her Signal Knew, Crumbs For Life*
is a contributor of poetry to many magazines, and appears in *Smoke* for the second, consecutive time.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE *Song For An Armageddonist, Fireweed*
is a frequent contributor to *Smoke*. He is the co-editor and publisher of the new *Broomstick Press*.

JOSEPH FRANK *For A New England Town*
is frequently printed in *Smoke*.

GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN *Epitaph For The Interurban Era*
appears here for the first time. He lives in Mount Vernon, Washington.

FRANK SEVERANCE, JR. *Sonnet From The Depression*
also appears for the first time in *Smoke;* he sends us his poetry from Princeton, N. J.

MARGERY MANSFIELD *Initiation To Poverty*
is well known to readers and students of poetry. Her *Workers In Fire*, a book about poetry was recently published by Longman, Green & Company.

EARL DANIELS *Watchmen Are Bidden To Speak Of The Night*
from Hamilton, N. Y. appears with us for the first time.